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THE DAY OF CRUCIFIXION.

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"It is *Good Friday*, and it shall be *Good Friday*; and Fred is a naughty boy, to say that it is not."

So blustered a little fellow, about ten years of age, red with passion, as he rushed into the sitting room, where his father was intent on reading.

"Papa," said he, half choked with vexation, "Fred says, *Good Friday* is not *Good Friday*."

"Indeed!" said the father. "Why, what is it then?"

"It is *Bad Friday*, he says. A naughty boy, as he is."

"That is very sad," replied the father.

"Yes," said the little blusterer, "and I told him so. Very shocking to call *Good Friday*, *Bad Friday*. But it is *Good Friday*, isn't it, papa?"

"Willie, moderate your passion, and then I will talk with you," said the father. "One would think, that however wrong Fred might be you could not be very right, full of wrath, as you seem to be. Have I not often told you that a good cause is best served by sound argument and a good temper; while a bad temper, generally indicates a bad cause?"

"But Fred is so provoking, to say that *Good Friday* is not *Good Friday*, but *Bad Friday*. He is very naughty and very wicked for saying so, and he would say so, in spite of every thing."

"In spite of nothing, apparently, but your own bad passion. That seems to be the spite to you. But why did he say so?" asked the father.

"He said it," replied Willie, sobbing, rebuked by the serious manner of the father;—"he said it,—because he would say it. A provoking thing!"

"Is that all that he said? Don't you

remember something further? Had he no reasons—no arguments to offer? Bethink yourself. If, indeed, you can think, just now; which I very much fear you cannot."

"He said it, and he would say it, and stick to it," added Willie.

"Did he say he would stick to it?" asked the father, with surprise.

"I don't know," replied Willie; "but he did stick to it."

"Oh," said the father, "that was only your thought, probably. You would have had him give up to you, because you loved to have your own way. You should have shown him, if you could, that he was wrong and you were right, by reason, argument, and persuasion, coupled with gentleness and patience. This would have been your proper course, and the wisest and best that you could have taken, as being the only one calculated to remove error and establish truth. But, perhaps, Willie, Fred was right, after all, and you were wrong. You were not, however, in a proper frame of mind to judge of right and wrong; and you could not understand anything well, so long as you were led astray by such boisterous passion."

"Well but, papa, does not everybody say that it is *Good Friday*?"

"But everybody may not be right, though everybody may say it. And you have been told, that we should "not follow a multitude to do evil." The multitude, indeed, are more frequently in the wrong, than in the right; and you should consider particularly what is wrong and what is right, without any reference to what other persons think of them, but simply as they are in themselves. Very good men, indeed, have often been found in error; and when they have discovered that error, they have acted well and nobly in immediately acknowledging and

changing it. You say, everybody calls Good Friday, Good Friday. Should not then this vast multitude, included under the term "everybody," know why it is so called? Should they not properly understand it, and be able to give a satisfactory reason for thinking so?"

"Yes, certainly, papa," said Willie.

"Do you think then that they could give such a reason, if they were pressed upon such a point?"

"I am sure I don't know; but I think they should."

"But if they cannot, are they not very inexcusable in maintaining a thing, about which they are entirely ignorant?"

"Yes, papa. It seems very strange."

"Are not you then one of this everybody class? That is, don't you say, with everybody, that Good Friday is Good Friday?"

"Yes," said Willie, half hesitating, and in a low voice, which was hardly a whisper.

"Why do you say so?" added the father.

Willie was silent, and seemed sadly perplexed. And the father repeated his question:—

"I ask you, Willie, why you say so?"

"I don't know, papa," was at length reluctantly extorted.

"Then you don't know anything about the subject, and you should not say anything about it."

"I am not old enough at present," added poor Willie.

"Then you are not old enough to give an opinion upon it; especially to condemn others who think differently from you, and call them "naughty" and "wicked," and I know not what other hard names. But many are in your position, who have not your youth to plead. For few could say, why the Day was Good. And fewer still could give a satisfactory reason for entertaining such an opinion."

Willie, however, suddenly recovered himself, and said,

"But, papa, haven't you always said, that Good Friday was Good Friday? And you were always good, papa, and spoke the truth."

"I have always been anxious to do so," he said; "and I have always spoken of Good Friday as Good Friday, according to the general custom of Christians. But your father is no more exempt from error

than any of his fellow-creatures; and he may, in so speaking of this day, have been mistaken. Probably he has. And should he ever be convinced of this, which is, indeed, very likely, he will feel it to be his duty to speak of it in a very different manner, and will apply to it the most appropriate designation, which he may think in strict truth and justice it ought to receive. Your brother is very thoughtful, serious, and shrewd; of superior understanding to many, who are far his superiors in years; and he would not take up an opinion hastily, or say and do what he thought was not right. But go and tell him to come here."

Willie immediately obeyed; and the young "troubler of Israel" presently made his appearance. He was about sixteen years of age. There was nothing in him, however, that indicated "the troubler;" for his countenance was calm and placid, and his demeanour modest and humble.

"What is this, Fred," asked the father, "that Willie says of you? He brings a very serious charge against you; at least, he thinks so; and no doubt many more would think the same, if your notion were sent forth into the world. You say, he tells me, that Good Friday, is not Good Friday, but Bad Friday."

"You think you are right, no doubt; and that you have reason and argument to justify you in maintaining such an opinion. But you should have broken the matter to him gently, and gained his candid attention, rather than alarmed his prejudices. You know he is hasty, but of a generous turn. Lead him, and not drive him, or you awaken in him bigotry and violence. You cannot, however, but be conscious, that you have taken up a very peculiar, if not astounding, position, in thus standing opposed to nearly the whole Christian world."

"I have not sought this, father. It has come upon me in spite of myself; and I could not help saying what I did. From the fulness of my heart, I spoke it; and I can hardly help now saying, that it was not I, but the fulness that was in me, that spoke. Willie was talking of Good Friday, and said he liked it better than any other holiday in the year. I said, I thought it was not good, but bad. And I would have told him why I thought it so; but he immediately flew into a

passion, and called me naughty and wicked, and said, he would go and tell you; and he went away in haste, using unkind and severe words. Perhaps it would have been better if I had not applied the word *bad* to the day; though I think it would have been impossible for me, at that time, to have used any other. And perhaps no other more appropriate word could be used, when we consider how much evil was perpetrated in it."

"Willie," said the father, "I am sorry that you should have behaved in such a manner. When will you govern that hasty, fiery temper of yours?"

"I could not help it," said Willie, "I could not bear to hear the day on which Jesus Christ died, called a bad day. Oh! it seemed to me so shocking! And I could not help saying, that even Fred, my own brother, was bad for saying so."

"But you ought not by any means to have condemned him unheard. You should have asked him what he meant, and you should have listened with patience to his reasons for using such words."

"Frederick," he added, "let us now have your free opinions on this remarkable day."

"We all know, father," replied the son, "that Jesus Christ was cruelly murdered on that day called 'Good Friday.' Now, if any wicked men had murdered you, my dear father, as the wicked Jews had murdered Jesus Christ, I could not have regarded that day on which the bloody deed had been done, as a *Good Day*, ever after to be remembered by me as *good*. Oh, no! I should have been filled with horror at the bare idea of it. It would have been a day of sorrow to me, of fasting and of mourning. And shall we consider the day on which Jesus Christ was taken and with wicked hands was crucified and slain, as a *Good Day*, to be for ever observed by his disciples, as *Good*? Oh, it is shocking to think of! The apostles charged the perpetrators of the bloody deed as his 'murderers'—his 'wicked murderers,' and God cast his darkness upon it to mark it as *wicked*. And who shall say unto God it was *good*."

"Jesus Christ came with a dispensation of mercy from God to man. But he was despised and rejected of men and was persecuted even to death. And was this *good*."

"In his work and labour of love, he was

betrayed by one follower, denied by another, and forsaken nearly by all. And shall we call this *good*?"

"At the prospect of suffering, which he saw the faithful discharge of his divine mission would entail upon him, he was filled with the utmost anguish in the garden of Gethsemane; so that his sweat was as it were, drops of blood; and his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. And was this in its nature *good*? Did a life of the strictest purity and goodness, of universal charity and benevolence merit such a reward from those whom he had sought only to bless?"

"When Jesus was apprehended, his words were to those who seized him, 'This is your hour, and the Prince of Darkness.' And shall Christians call that *good*, which Christ here, in the term *darkness*, pronounces *evil*?"

"Jesus was a most innocent victim; holy, harmless, and undefiled. The witnesses were suborned and perjured, and swore falsely against him. Even Pilate, the judge, bore testimony that there was no fault in him, but that he was a righteous man. And seeing that he could not deliver him out of the hands of an infuriated multitude, he left him to his fate to be crucified, as they clamoured; but, at the same time, washing his hands before the vast concourse assembled, to show that he was guiltless of the deed himself, and that he abjured the whole proceeding. And was all this *good*?—the subversion of all law—the violation of all truth and justice and humanity—the murder of the best of beings, perpetrated by a maddened mob! Pilate condemned it as *evil*. And shall Christians pronounce it *good*? Oh, sad and shocking in the extreme!"

"These are some of my reasons for saying that 'Good Friday,' is not *good*, but *bad*. Many more might be added; but these are sufficient, I conceive, to justify me in entertaining such an opinion. I believe it is founded in truth, and will manifest itself to be so, to all who would judge for themselves what is right, and who 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'"

"I have no doubt of it," said the father, "It is too plain and evident to be resisted by any candid and reflecting mind. How have I been deceived! How have many been deceived! And how many are deceived

now! The first announcement of your opinion certainly startled me. But it awakened thought in me. And I now say, Fred, I believe you are right."

"The peculiar term *Good*, applied to this observance, is wrong; and when viewed by an enlightened understanding, as offensive as it is wrong. It is the greatest perversion that we can conceive; of truth and justice, mercy and benevolence, fidelity in the course of virtue, and steadfastness in the maintenance of what is right. It takes its rise from delusion, and is a delusion in itself."

"You have just glanced at the career of Jesus. Let us view it a little more. For its right understanding is of the first importance."

"It was, then, a career of perfect goodness. He went about doing good. He lived only to do good, and promote the present and eternal happiness of mankind. But he was beset at every step by malignant and wicked men. He persevered, however, steadily, in that noble career of virtue, and he suffered. He knew he should fall a victim to their vile persecution. But he saw plainly that if he fulfilled his divine mission, he could not avoid it; and he pursued, without the least deviation, the upright course of duty before him, and he died. He sacrificed his life in the way of duty; and they killed him in the violation of duty. It was not by any compact between his heavenly Father and these Jews, that they should kill his beloved Son, that he might raise him from the dead and thus appease his own wrath, reconcile himself to the world, and bring life and immortality to light. Nor was it by any compact, or *scheme*, as some call it, between his heavenly Father and himself, that he should die by the hands of these wicked men, and thus satisfy God's vengeance, and purchase his favour to mankind. The idea is shocking and revolting in the extreme; highly dishonourable to God, at variance with all his bright attributes, and outraging mercy and justice and benevolence, and all the pure principles of morality and goodness. Jesus Christ died in the noblest career of virtue. And God showed himself the patron of such distinguished illustrious virtue. For he appeared on his behalf, vindicated his righteous cause, raised him from the dead, and brought life and immortality

to light; while he defeated the base machinations of the wicked, and most signally rewarded the noble sufferer in the sight of heaven and of earth throughout all ages for evermore. For having been obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, wherefore God also highly exalted him, far above all principalities and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world but also in that which is to come. And he gave him a name which is above every other name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. If Jesus had faltered in the glorious career upon which he had entered, or turned aside from it, all this would have been lost; all his pretensions would have vanished, and been as nothing, and the dispensation of grace would have been a mere name, consigned to eternal oblivion. But he maintained his steadfastness in the midst of suffering and of death; and the seal of divine truth was stamped upon all that he had said and done, and professed himself to be. It was made manifest that God was with him, and that the holy Gospel, the hope of glory, and the charter of our everlasting salvation, was divine. Evil stood in the way of the hallowed Messenger of Heaven; but God interposed, and overruled it for good; he overcame it by good; he made the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath did he restrain. Still, "it was with wicked hands that the Jews took Jesus and crucified and slew him." Still, they were his malignant persecutors through life, and his cruel murderers at his death. How can we then apply the term *Good*, in reference to any part of their conduct towards him? It was all unmixed and diabolical evil. And God marked it as such, as you observed, in the supernatural darkness which he threw around it, and also by scattering the evil-doers, as fugitives, over the face of the whole earth. And shall we pronounce that *Good* which he has so strikingly condemned as *evil*? 'He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to

the Lord.' 'Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.' And the apostle Paul said, that Christians were 'slandered when they were charged with doing evil, that good might come.' That was a maxim abhorrent to their religion. And therefore, the day on which Jesus Christ was wickedly murdered should stand forth as a day of condemnation to the wicked perpetrators of the dark deed; not as the day on which he had performed some glorious achievement, and which redounded to their praise. 'And then, what a death was it that Jesus suffered? The most excruciating and horrible that we can conceive. The bare idea of it is sufficient to harrow up the soul. The cross, we are told, was an upright beam, with a piece of wood fixed across, near the top. At the time of execution, 'this was laid upon the ground, and the poor sufferer, doomed to undergo the torture, was laid down and stretched upon it. Then two men stood at each side, with hammers and nails, and drove the nails into the hands and feet fast to the wood. These members of the body are very tender, where some of the principal nerves reside, and it is through the nerves that we feel pain. What extreme agony must it cause to have four large nails driven violently into these limbs! All this being done, the cross was lifted from the ground, and then let fall with a violent shock into a hole which had been previously dug for it. This shook the whole frame with great agony, and thus the poor creature was left to hang till he died from excess of pain; sometimes for many hours; Jesus remained six,—from the third to the ninth hour; when he said 'It is finished,' and gave up the ghost. What horrible agony! And can that day, on which so much cruelty, such shocking murder was perpetrated on the best of beings that ever trod the earth, be called '*Good Friday*?' You have already answered the question, Fred; and properly, too. And now let me ask you, Willie,—If your father were to be so cruelly treated and murdered, would you ever after call that day on which the dreadful work of iniquity had been done a *Good Day*?"

"Oh, no, no," replied he, with half-suffocating sobs, which almost prevented utterance.

"And if you and your brother," added the father, "were to be snatched from me by the same deed of violence and blood, do you think that I would for ever regard that as a *good* deed, for ever to be kept in remembrance with thanksgiving and joy?"

"Impossible, impossible!" equally replied Willie.

"Yes," said the father, "impossible, indeed! The very idea is horrifying. And if we must admit all this, as undoubtedly we must, then the day called '*Good Friday*' is not, strictly speaking, *Good*, but is, in truth and deed, *Bad*."

"How strange that I should have regarded it in any other light! It has come and gone, as years have rolled along. And it has never struck me as being particularly objectionable; as many others no doubt, have been as much in darkness as myself. So enslaving is custom, and so willing are poor, frail mortals to become its easy victims! I have not, certainly, felt altogether easy under the observance, at least, I have ever regarded it as a matter of indifference, as one of those things, which the apostle Paul says, in the 14th chapter of Romans, Believers may either keep or not keep, with a pure conscience in the sight of God. But it does not come under that category; as it is called *good*, when it in fact, perverts and violates everything that is good. It is utterly indefensible, as it at present stands. Its designation is a great anomaly, and as shocking and revolting as it is preposterous and absurd. A more inappropriate one, or one more dishonourable to Christ and Christians, can hardly be conceived. And we are filled with amazement, when our eyes are opened that it, above all others, should have been selected on such an occasion. But we are never more in darkness, than when we pretend to be wise above what is written."

"And such, undoubtedly, is the character of this observance. For it is founded entirely on human authority. Not a vestige of it is to be found in the Scriptures. It was not kept by the Apostles, it is never spoken of by the Apostles, either in the Acts, or in the Epistles. It was never heard of until the second

century. It is, therefore, entirely of human authority.

"And that authority, in matters of religion, has been productive of immense evils in the religious world; spiritual pride and high-mindedness, tyranny and intolerance, bigotry and persecution; and thousands and tens of thousands of good and pious men, have been sacrificed at its Moloch shrine. In fact, nothing has tended so much to degrade religion, and perpetuate infidelity in the world, as this *human authority in religion*, pretending to rule, where only *Divine Authority* should rule; and where only such rule, in such a case, can promote the true interests of religion, and the real welfare and happiness of mankind. And, surely, one would naturally think that it would be obvious in a moment to every reflecting mind, that it would be far better to trust to *Divine* than to *human* guidance; as, in *Divine things*, especially, it is the only safe, as the only proper and hallowed trust."

The father added, turning to his younger son,

"I hope, Willie, you now view the matter in a different light, and are willing to confess with me, that you accord in the opinion entertained by your brother on this subject."

"Yes, father," he at once replied. "Fred was right, and I was wrong. But he will, I hope, freely forgive me." "Enough, enough, Willie," replied Fred. "I forgive you with all my heart. I knew you meant well, as you generally do, when your haste leads you into error. But we should be careful to 'judge nothing before the time.' And we should 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'"

"Live thus, my sons, as brothers," added the father; "and God, your heavenly Father, bless you, and guide and preserve you in the good and the right way."

THINGS TO BE WISHED FOR.

THERE is a difference between things to be wished for and things actually wished for. We actually wish only for what we think we may possibly obtain. An object may be desirable without being desired. For a desirable object to be desired it must appear to be within our reach.

The distinction, though real, is not absolute. Things desirable are constantly becoming things desired. The possible, the probable, and the actual are ever passing the one into the other. Success is the grave of desire. The North-West passage is no longer to be wished for, for maritime enterprise has made it a reality.

It may seem not very wise to indulge wishes which are not likely to be ever relished. Then, why am I made capable of feeling such wishes? Besides who knows what desires may and what may not be in time converted into realities? It seems now absurd to wish for wings, but not more absurd than it would have seemed ten years ago to wish for the power of sending a message to the Land's End in a minute.

Any way, wishes may serve to mark our estimate of existing realities, and so fix on them the attention of those who may be less familiar with their facilities.

I too have had my day dreams. In my boyhood and my youth my head was full of them. Few persons have built more castles in the air. The work may not have been very profitable, but very pleasant undoubtedly it was. The fresh breeze of early morning, especially if recommended to my cheeks by a brisk walk of three or four miles, was sure to make my head teem with fancies. In the soothing calm of evening my architectural skill worked no less liberally than spontaneously. And still I cannot help being a castle-builder, when I am in the midst of fine scenery, or when I enjoy the rare pleasure of sauntering along a verdant river. Most of those aerial structures have been as short-lived as the blossom of early spring. But a few have produced fruit—the best so poor a tree could produce. Of those productive thoughts some originally claimed, and "had their claim allowed," right to stand in the class of things merely desirable. Their transformation gives hope and encouragement, so as to justify the opinion that few objects of human desire, being just and proper, are wholly beyond the reach of human possibility. Mankind, indeed, is not yet fairly out of the period of its infancy, and the day may come sooner than we think, when we shall ride through the air without the assistance of the witches' broomstick, "put a girdle round about

the earth in forty minutes," quite as well as Puck, or put up for the first night at "The Man in the Moon" in a grand tour of the solar system. There are, however, some things to be wished for which can never be realised. Of my own fancies of the kind I will mention one or two. I wish that I had Shakspeare to read now for the first time. What a glorious revelation to burst on a cultivated mind! But would any mind in England, nay in the world, be so cultivated as it is, if Shakspeare had been read previously?

Still greater the delight and the profit which I should experience were it possible that now I could read the Bible for the first time. What a blaze of light! what gorgeous splendour! what sublime, what touching imagery, and what impressive traits, of biography—all made sacred, if not venerable, with the hoar of antiquity—should I find there, not to mention the special glory of the book—its religious sanctities. It is very clear that with our present worn and faded feelings, we cannot form not the faintest notion of either the delight or the advantage that would ensue from the fresh morning beams of that grand, wonderful, and mysterious book, when they suddenly flash on a not altogether unprepared mind.

But let me throw together into a bundle some "things to be wished for" of less importance. I should much like to take a peep into the grave, provided that there were any office that would ensure my life at a moderate charge. Still more should I desire to throw a look into heaven,—a look, I say, for a gaze might be dangerous, because ever so short a tarrying near the gates could hardly fail to carry at least one's heart within. I have no particular desire to act the part of "Peeping Tom of Coventry" in regard to my neighbours' breasts, finding in the inner folds of my own much that I do not like; but I should very much wish to know by experience for a moment how Satan feels, and how the highest archangel feels. The feelings of a happy child experienced in manhood—what a delight, what a mine of discovery! Suppose the union of a seraph's consciousness with the consciousness of a woman who has for the first time just become a mother! Sometimes I feel as if I could half wish the doctrine of the transmigration of souls were true.

No uninstractive thing would be a journey from the soul of a frog upwards through the soul of a dove, an elephant, a Brahmin, a Bacon, a Fenelon, a Howard. Yes, could I for a few minutes now and then have things my own way, I would know by experience how Homer felt while he sang songs for beggar's pence; how Socrates felt as he swallowed the hemlock; how Cesar felt when his breast received dagger after dagger; how Bonaparte felt at the moment his soul parted from his body on that barren and burning rock. But stop!—otherwise among "things to be wished for" will be the termination of this my cobweb-weaving. J. R. B.

A WARNING.

A FEW weeks since in the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked him if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, continue successful during life, and leave a fortune at death. We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied—"Not one! I have known men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honour and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance of no importance, has led to investigations, which resulted in disgrace and ruin."

On Saturday we again conversed with him on the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of his acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experiences were to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and their fall. Suicide, murder, arson and perjury, he said, were common crimes with many of those who made "haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and, he added, there are not a few men, who may be seen on 'Change every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. It is not, he said, so much the love of gold that leads many business men astray, as the desire to be thought sharp or successful. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.

THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

LORD BYRON woke up one fine morning, and "found himself famous." The Very Reverend Francis Close wakes up, and, even more to his surprise, but much less to his gratification, finds himself "heterodox."

The Low Church Dean has written to the High Church *Union*, pained that anything approaching to the Neological or to the Nestorian heresies should be fastened upon him, and asserting that his words have been perverted and suppressed by his accusers, in the attempt to make good their unexpected charge. It is something new to the late incumbent of Cheltenham to be accused of heresy; and when the "poisoned chalice" is "commended to his own lips," he makes wry faces, and declines the draught.

Having copied and commented upon the charge preferred against him, we first proceed to notice, also, the Dean of Carlisle's defence; and, in justice to the Evangelical "heretic," we give—as he now does himself—the whole of the passages contained in his sermon and in the "article" on which the accusation is based—enclosing within brackets the words quoted by the Rev. W. B. Barter, who first assisted the very-reverend gentleman:—

THE SERMON.

"See the deluded votary worshipping the Virgin Mary, extolling her even above the Lord to whom she gave birth; applying epithets to her wholly unwarranted in Scripture and fearfully profane—'Holy Virgin, Mother of God'—the hundred-times repeated language of the Roman Breviary. [As if God could have a Mother—as if God could be born, could live, and die! No such confusion of substance is to be found in Scripture. It was Christ that died, not God], though, by mysterious and hidden union, He was both God and Man in one Christ, yet we never find in the Inspired Word anything so revolting to our feelings as an express imputation to the Deity even of the sinless infirmities of manhood."

THE ARTICLE.

"The Son, which is the Word of the Father, begotten from everlasting of the Father, [the very and eternal God, of one

substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, of her substance,] so that two whole and perfect natures—that is to say, the Godhead and Manhood—were joined together in one Person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very Man, who truly suffered, [was crucified, died, and buried], to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of man."

Here, then, we have the evidence on which the Dean relies for his absolution from the stamp of heresy.

"The Article (he observes) does not say, as the editor has printed it, that 'the Very and Eternal God.....was truly crucified, dead, and buried;' but, on the contrary, that 'the One Person,' the 'One Christ,' who was both God and Man, was crucified, &c.

"And this accuser has suppressed my words, which strictly agree with this Article, 'that by mysterious and hidden union, He was both God and Man, in one Christ.' It is not said that God was crucified, but that Christ was crucified. Only by such a process as this could I be made to contradict the Article.

"I affirm then, and re-affirm, that, touching the two perfect natures, both God and Man, in one Glorious Christ, and the redemption-work of that One God-Man Christ Jesus, none of my accusers can, out of my published writings or sayings, convict me of error. All which has appeared against me on this subject is simply false accusation."

So says the dean. His more logical accuser, the *Union*, is not disposed to accept his defence, but replies:—

"The portion of that Article which we omitted, no way affects the sense of the words we did quote. It is there stated that 'the Very Eternal God took Man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin of her substance;' whereas Dr. Close sneers at God having a Mother, or being born. It is also stated that Christ, being 'Very God and Very Man, truly suffered, was crucified, dead, and buried'—i. e., the 'Very God' truly suffered, &c.; whereas Dr. Close asserts that God could not 'live and die,' and that 'it was Christ that suffered, not God.' We are, of course, aware that it was not His Divinity that

suffered or died, which would be blasphemy to assert. If Dr. Close really believes "the very and true Incarnation of Deity," we are very glad to hear it; but we can only accept his orthodoxy at the expense of his logic. It is useless to argue with a man who professes to believe that Christ, being God and Man in one Person, was born of the Virgin and suffered on the Cross; but denies that God was born or suffered, and that the Virgin is the Mother of God. Nobody can doubt that the Council which anathematized Nestorius would have anathematized the Cheltenham sermon, and only admitted its author to communion on condition of his retracting the heretical statements which he still defends."

The Dean's logic is loose enough, certainly; but what are plain laymen to think of this quarrel among the orthodoxy, when they find one of the combatants, after triumphantly nailing his antagonist to the counter as counterfeit coin, coolly following up his victory by the admission, that, although the "Very God truly suffered, was crucified, died, and buried," it "was not His Divinity that suffered or died!"—"which," says he, "would be blasphemy to assert."

"Blasphemy," indeed! but blasphemy which the *Union* commits and repudiates in a breath.

But so it is. When we depart from the simplicity of the gospel.

"O, what a tangled web we weave?" One corruption begets another. Creed leads to creed, from the Apostles' to the Athanasian; and while Bible-truth preserves its simple majesty and beauty, theologians stand aghast at the work of their presumptuous and deforming hands.

J. C.

A WORD TO THE REASONABLE AND THE REFLECTIVE.

There are some who worship Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as the Mother of God.

And there are others who worship Jesus, the Son of Mary, as the God of his Mother.

Which of these two species of Worship is the more rational?

Which is the more scriptural?

Or are they not alike irrational?

And are they not alike unscriptural?

Is the worship of Mary idolatry?

What, then is the worship of Mary's Son?

FANATICISM:

ITS FATAL RESULTS.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the good town of Leeds lived James Stillwell, and his friend Joshua. They were surrounded by a band of zealots, such as a few years ago were often found among the more sanguine of a numerous body of religious people. James, Joshua, and their friends, regarded themselves as the salt of that portion of the locality; and they often met to sigh over and pray for the ungodly world; and the supine among them of the same Church. To this there could be no objection; but they had the misfortune to regard all, as *far* from the "Right Way," who were not exactly of *their* way.

James, Joshua, and his friends were constantly looking for special messages, or manifestations from the heavenly world, declaring some wondrous Revelation of the divine will. They got into high states of extacy, and even fixed the times, when prodigious out-pourings of "the spirit" would fall upon the whole neighbourhood. Then they said the people would flock to the house of God (their chapel) as doves fly to the windows. But these times passed over, and the people remained much as before. The failures had then to be accounted for; and were generally attributed to a "lack of faith" on the part of one or more of the brethren. It was the opinion, that unflinching faith, if the quantity was but small, would bring God from his throne, to perform any astonishing thing they desired—their desires being Godly, as they supposed they were.

At length the time came when they believed that the Divine will had determined to try the faith of the Leader of the Band; and through him the whole of the faithful. This was to be the prelude to a "Grand Religious Movement."

It was revealed to James that he was to be removed from his humble habitation to a Throne in Heaven, on a specified day, at twelve o'clock at noon. This communication was imparted by James, to Joshua, and at length to all initiated, and they solemnly besought the Lord, to confirm it to them, if so strange an event was to

happen. It was the general conclusion that according to their faith it should be done; and therefore, it could only be necessary that they should honour God without wavering, and James would certainly die; and a mighty revival of religion forthwith follow the event. But there was to be no shrinking; the Revelation was to be made public at once, as an evidence of their confidence in God. This was done, and James went into the woods, and choose him a staff, upon which, when dying, he would lean as good old Jacob did.

My dear mother was one of the believing, and the duty of preparing the mourning garments for the faithful sisters fell upon her. This she did, and made all in readiness for the hour. My father's faith was tempered with reason, and he could not unite with these sublime spirits; but endeavoured to persuade them that this Revelation would end in delusion. But he was clamoured down, as one whose want of faith would provoke God to anger.

At length the day arrived, when James would step into Elijah's chariot and go up as by a whirlwind to Heaven. The people from afar flocked into the village. The bed was surrounded by anxious, praying, sighing, trembling adherents. Outside were a crowd of scoffers, turning up their eyes, and tauntingly asking—"is he dead?"

At this time, my father elbowed his way through the crowd, gained access amongst the faithful, and reached the bedside of the "dying man." It was his hope, even then, to arrest the torrent of reproach, which he was convinced must shortly fall upon the cause of sober religion. "Give it up," said he, "give it up, James; the business will end in disgrace." The poor fanatic thereupon lifted his eyes toward the ceiling, and cried out, "Oh! God, they *won't* believe, but they *shall* believe." The advice was set at nought, and the man of reason repulsed by the fraternity as an enemy of God, and had well nigh been thrust out of the camp, but being inside was determined to see the end of the proceeding, and refused to be ejected.

The clock struck twelve. Now the brethren gazed upwards, appealing to God to perform his engagement. This

moment was painfully solemn. Now they cast their glances downward upon the face of the patriarch. His eyes were closed—his lips blanched—his frame shook. But death came not. James, at length, confessed that he could not die. Then came a babel of confusion. The believing band were consternated. They would have given a world, if their hero could have made his exit; but it was all in vain. The news spread outside—"James cannot die." The scorners raised one loud laugh, and declared that he ought to be slain. They crowded round his habitation, and pressed into it so rudely that fears were entertained that after all James would be crushed to death. But he escaped.

So, now these poor distressed dupes retired to their homes to think more soberly, and inherit many years of ridicule from their taunting neighbours. It was a long time before the brethren could recover nerve again to re-appear before the public; nor did they ever wholly free themselves from the results of this mortification.

What of the "dead man?" he never again appeared in public worship. I have seen him stand in the porch of the chapel; but before the congregation broke up, he would walk away silently, and with both eyes immovably fixed on the ground, make his way to a neighbouring *public house*: and as he carried his massive form along, one and another would bawl after him—"there goes the dead man."

At length his health failed, and he was no longer able to walk about. His frame grew so feeble that he could not well raise himself up. One evening, at his request, a cord was fastened to a beam over his bed, to aid him in rising. Next morning the house was entered, as usual, but James was no more. Instead of leaning upon his staff, as ancient Jacob did to bless his children, James died, as died the poor suicide, hanging upon the fatal rope.

For the first time, this is thus made public, as a warning to any who may be in danger of forsaking the plain path of *rational, earnest, good-doing religion*, for *dreamy, futile, and sometimes destructive* Fanaticism. The principal actors in this scene are now gathered to their

fathers; and we are left to benefit by their errors.

There is enough in the tragic end of James Stillwell to be instructive. Who can read this historic page without sympathy? His youthful days are spent in the army, from which he retired with a pension. Now he became religious, and his early movements were indeed beautiful. He then sought to serve God by the *purity of his life*, and by *untiring efforts to do good*. He distributed all he could spare out of his income, among the extreme poor of his neighbourhood, and went about aiding his less courageous brothers to brave the battle of life. This *was* and still is the *royal road to personal perfection, the extension of pure religion*, and the pathway to our "Home in the Heavens." But, alas! alas! that rugged path, which Jesus hallowed by his example, was deserted. Then came error, folly, and in the end, ruin, and the history of religious fanaticism teems with instances of the confusion and shame which have arisen from the idle speculations and falsified hopes of such men in every age.

James is no more. But the principles on which this Fanaticism was based, still remain among numbers of professing christians. Many are still looking for "*special revelations*," "*secret communications*," and "*peculiar manifestations*;" and indeed *anything* but the salvation of our race, by the blessing of God, on personal and continuous effort, to destroy the incentives to transgression.

The error of the religious world still partakes of the spirit of James Stillwell and his deluded associates. We are looking to *Heaven for miracles and magic*, by which men will be *driven* away from their sins, instead of using the *tongues* which are given us for utterance—the *powers* which are placed within us, for the acquirement of some knowledge—the *hands and feet* we possess, enabling us to spread the good seed of the kingdom; and the wealth within our power, with which to aid all our useful endeavours. We call upon God to *work!* *Foolish mortals!* He was *working* a thousand years ago, when we were not—is working, while we are dreaming and sleeping—will be working, when we have been in the tomb a million of centuries. Jesus said, "*I must work*," and so must we!

G. L.

DR. FRANKLIN AND THE BIBLE.

It is said of Dr. Franklin, that during his residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold and ingenious movements. In the course of the evening the company engaged in free conversation. Christianity was then the great topic. The church was always ridiculed, and the Bible treated with unsparing severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one nobleman commanded for a moment universal attention, by asserting in a loud voice that the Bible was not only a piece of deception, but totally void of literary merit. Although the entire company of Frenchmen nodded assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. As he was at that time a great favourite, his companions could not bear even a silent reproof from him, and they all asked his opinion. Franklin replied, that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a book of rare excellence, which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the city bookstores; and as they had alluded to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of the new prize. All were eager to have the doctor read a portion of his new book. In a very grave manner, he then took the book from his pocket, and with propriety of utterance, read to them a poem. The poem made a deep impression. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard. "It is beautiful," said one. "It is sublime," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether what had been read was a fair specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I have merely read to you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk." How many philosophers are there in these days who carry such a book in their pocket? How many Christians could meet such a libel upon the character of the Bible, in such a manner at any of our social parties?

UNITARIAN BELIEF.

[CONCLUDED.]

Although Unitarians do not believe Christ to be God, because they think such a doctrine at variance with reason and scripture, yet they believe him to have been authorized and empowered to make a divine revelation to the world. We believe in the divinity of his mission, but not of his person. We consider all he has taught as coming from God; we receive his commands, and rely on his promises, as the commands and promises of God. In his miracles we see the power of God; in his doctrines and precepts we behold the wisdom of God; and in his life and character we see a bright display of every divine virtue. Our hope of salvation rests on the truths he has disclosed, and the means he has pointed out. We believe him to be entitled to our implicit faith, obedience, and submission, and we feel towards him all the veneration, love, and gratitude, which the dignity of his mission, the sublime purity of his character, and his sufferings for the salvation of men, justly demand. But we do not pay him religious homage, because we think this would be derogating from the honour and majesty of the Supreme Being, who, our Saviour himself has told us, is the only proper object of our adoration and worship.

Unitarians believe, that Christ was *one being*, and that he possessed one mind, one will, one consciousness. The Trinitarian doctrine is, that in Christ were "two whole and perfect natures joined together in one person," and that one of these natures was God, and the other man. We maintain, that such two natures must necessarily make two beings. What constitutes a distinct being, but a distinct nature? The notion, that two natures, or what is the same thing, two minds, two souls, two wills, can constitute one person, we take to be utterly unintelligible and absurd. Suppose such a thing possible; it would lead to the most glaring contradictions and impossibilities. The same being would be omnipotent and immortal, and yet a feeble man and subject to death; he would know all things and yet be ignorant; he would be perfect and imperfect; the creator of all things, yet derived and dependent. If it were pretended that these contradictions are supported by any direct proof of Scripture, this doctrine would strike us less with amazement. But this is not pretended. The doctrine of two natures is wholly a doctrine of inference. Not a single passage can be adduced, in which it is said that Christ was God and man, or that he possessed "two whole and perfect natures." No language is used in Scripture, which has the remotest resemblance to this, either in form or substance. If such doctrine were true, would the Scriptures thus be silent? Would it not be clearly, explicitly, and positively stated? But, on the contrary, Christ always spoke of himself as one being; his Apostles always spoke of him as one being; and it is utterly impossible to form any definite conceptions of him in any other character. By what authority, then, is a doctrine to be received which does so much violence to reason and common sense?

We believe the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit, was the spirit of God, and not a person, or being, or substance distinct from God. When communicated to men, it was a supernatural gift, the energy and power of God operating on their minds giving new light to their understanding, and increasing their intelligence and wisdom. That the Holy Spirit is not a person, is evident from the various characteristics attributed to it in the Scriptures. It is said to be *poured out*, *shed forth*, *given without measure*, and in *portions*. Men are said to *drink* into it, and

it is at one time represented as *taken away*, and at another *quenched*. But none of these things are applicable to a person. And more especially, if the Holy Spirit were a person, and at the same time God, these characteristics would be absurd and impossible. You cannot say of God, that he is *shed forth*, *taken away*, or *quenched*. Men are often said, also, to be "*filled with the Holy Spirit*." But how can a man be filled with a person, or with God. There is one text very decided on this subject. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." But how would this be true, if the Holy Spirit were a person, equal with the Father and the Son? Would not the Spirit know both the Father and the Son, and this without revelation? In short, we think, if the scriptures prove anything, it is, that the Holy Spirit so often mentioned in them, is a supernatural influence communicated to men by the power and agency of God.

From this short abstract may be seen the opinions of Unitarians, as they differ from many other christians, on the subject of the trinity. What the most prevalent opinions are, at the present day, respecting the doctrine of the trinity, is not easy to ascertain. There are almost as many theories, and modes of explanation, as there have been writers on the subject. This circumstance itself would lead almost any thinking man to suspect its soundness. A fundamental doctrine of revealed religion, it would be supposed, ought to be one, to which christians can fix some definite character, and on which they can unite in some consistent explanation. But, unhappily, no doctrine has so completely eluded the attempts of its advocates to define and explain, upon any intelligible principles, as that of the trinity.

The proposition is laid down, that "in the unity of the Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;" but when we have asked to have this proposition made intelligible, and inquired how it is possible that there should be two other beings equal in "substance, power, and eternity" with the Father, and not make together with him three Gods, we have never received an answer any more satisfactory than the proposition itself. When we have asked for Scripture proof we have been referred to texts, whose language bears no resemblance to that in which the doctrine is stated, and which oftentimes have very little, if any, relation to the subject. As a last resort, we are conducted to the hidden places of mystery, and gravely told that this profound doctrine was never intended to be fathomed, and that we must be very cautious how we suffer a vain curiosity to betray us into presumptuous inquiries. This, to be sure, in the language of Solomon, "is the end of the whole matter;" for nothing is more idle than to reason with a man who tells you he has given up the use of his reason. But the Unitarian doctrines are rational and scriptural; they can be defined and explained; they involve no contradictions, they never take refuge in mysteries, but are supported by the plain and positive truths of the sacred writings; they have no delight in darkness; their strength is best seen and tried in the light of open day; they will never shrink from inspection, nor retire from any manly and honourable contest to vindicate their pretensions, or substantiate their authority.

Our limits will not allow us at present to give the Unitarian views of several other doctrines, which are thought important by some Christians. These we shall consider at large as occasion may offer hereafter. We have only room to state, that

we do not believe "the guilt of Adam's sin was imputed, and his corrupted nature conveyed to all his posterity;" nor that there is in men any "original corruption, whereby they are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." This doctrine makes God the author of sin, and the punisher of crimes in men, which he has rendered it impossible they should not commit. We do not believe that, "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men are predestined to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death," because this destroys the free agency and accountability of man, and makes God an arbitrary, partial, and unjust being. We do not believe "that Christ has once offered himself up a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God," because, this is making the innocent suffer for the guilty, and appeasing the wrath of a Being who, in his very nature, is necessarily benevolent, merciful, and good. Moreover, this plan of reconciliation by way of a purchase, bargain, or covenant, effectually destroys the doctrine of salvation by the free grace of God, which we think most clearly taught throughout the scriptures. If the guilt of sin be removed by the voluntary sufferings of an innocent being, there is no room for the exercise of grace. The demands of justice are answered to the utmost. Nor is anything left for the sinner to do; for it is absurd to talk about repentance, and righteousness, as terms of pardon, after it has been declared that we are pardoned on the grounds of a covenanted sacrifice. But one of the strongest reasons why we have no faith in these doctrines is, that we find no proof of them in the word of God.

We believe men have in themselves the power of doing good or bad, of meriting the rewards or deserving the punishments of a just God. Christ has revealed to us the will, the moral government, the perfections of God, and the certainty of a future state of retribution. He has made known the rules of duty and the terms of salvation. He has set before us the most powerful motives to obedience, and the consequences of wilful sin and impenitence.

With this light and these aids we are left to choose the evil or the good; to neglect the warnings of the gospel, and incur the penalties of transgression, or to repent, turn from our iniquities, seek the favour of God, trust with confidence in his promised mercies, and secure the rewards of immortal glory.

FAITH.

(FROM "POEMS BY FRITZ AND LIVILLET.")

Ye who think the Truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter-snow,
Doubt not Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
God in Nature ye can trust,
Is the God of Mind less just?

Workers on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil:
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
Listen to the cheering word:—
Now the faithful sower grieves,
Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

Reap we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught?
Though it wither'd in the blight
Of the long mediæval night,
Now the harvest we behold:—
Lo! it bears a thousandfold!

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

THE ITALIAN MOTHER:

HER DYING LOVE.

A writer has beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representation of his Maker. Misfortune, and even crime, set no barrier between her and her child. While his mother lives he has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrow, and speak kindly to him when all the world is unkind. Her affections know no ebbing tide. She has suffered much for her child; she is willing to suffer more. The following illustrates a mother's love during the visitation of cholera, which we have cut from an exchange:—

BLESSINGS be on her head. The hearts of all warmed to see her in her daily routine of household duties. How patiently she sat day after day, shaping and sewing some article for the use or adornment of her little flock, and how proud and pleased was each little recipient of her kindness: how the little faces dimpled with pleasure, and the bright eyes of her children grew still brighter, as mamma decked them with her own hands in the new dresses she had made. How much warmer and more comfortable they felt if mamma wrapped them up before they went to school. No one but her could warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie their comforters around their necks. There was a peculiar charm about all she did, that precious mother! They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed, to visit their chamber, and, with her soft hands, arrange them comfortably before she slept.

Her heart thrilled with gratitude to her Creator as she looked on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers were done, imprinted a good-night kiss on each rosy little mouth. Ah! dear mother, it was her last. The plague broke out in this Italian village. In one house the children were taken first; the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease they themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived this family of a labourer, who was absent the whole week, only coming on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbours. She knew she must die, but as she looked upon her little children, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the little children in the room, and snatched her bed clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the pleasure of a last embrace. Oh! think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings and all she loved—to die! Her eldest son saw her from the window. "Good-bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother had left him so strangely. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused—her heart was drawn to her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes; at length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good bye, mother,"—and the sounds sent a chill of anguish to her heart; but she passed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A Russian cicerone, showing a traveller the curiosities of St. Petersburg, was continually repeating to the stranger, "The Czar is great!" The traveller, tired at length of hearing it, "Yes, but God is greater." "Ah," exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is young yet!"

METHODIST DISCIPLINE.—*Shouting*, which was, not long ago, the mark of true conversion, is now in some Methodist churches treated as a grave offence. At Albany, New York, after a long trial a Mr. Brank was found guilty of shouting so loud during the service that he was duly sentenced to expulsion. The offending brother maintained that under the excitement of worship he could not restrain his feelings, and has appealed to the Conference.

Experience demonstrates, says Spurzheim, that of any number of children of even intellectual powers, those who receive no particular care in infancy, and who do not begin to study till the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, far surpass in their studies those who commenced earlier, and who read numerous books when very young.

When Howard was in Rome, he found on the wall of a noble edifice erected by Pope Clement XI., in 1704, for a prison, this sentiment in Latin: "It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline." Shall we believe that a less generous sentiment is inscribed over any portion of the realms of immortal being? To render the bad good by discipline is the great purpose of God. It is easier to doubt anything than to doubt this, if we will give free action to the mind. If there is any doubt which appears to war against this, give God the benefit of the doubt, and save his divine perfection.

We cut the following from "*the report of the Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary for 1856*," which is remarkable, as it shows that out of 123 prisoners only 5 in early life had the care of both father and mother:—"Whole number entered, 123; early deprived of father, 61; of mother, 57; of both parents, 43; fathers intemperate, 44; mothers intemperate, 24; parents religious, 63; not religious, 60; attended Sunday schools, 12; Sabbath breakers, 100; habits intemperate, 76; temperate, 27; can read and write, 90; cannot read and write, 33; number of those who have been members of some church, 25; Catholics, 11; Protestants 14.

A minister of the Independent body has written the following lines on the assumed humility of many who think they do well to cry with the publican, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner":—

THE PHARISEE CHANGED.

The Pharisee informed the Lord
How good a life he led;
The Publican shrunk back in shame,
And smote his breast instead.
But when the Lord in tender love,
The penitent commended,
The hypocrite, with heart unchanged,
Straightway his prayer amended.

Said he, "The man who says he's worst,
Is by the Lord thought best,"
So next, when he to worship went,
As publican he dressed,
And smote upon his hollow heart,
And bowed him down and groaned;
And proud of his humility
His unfelt sins he owned.

AMBITION TO BE "THE EDITOR."—Monsieur Milland, the wealthy intellectual aspirant, who has paid £30,000 to M. Girardin to take his place as Editor-in-Chief of the first daily paper in Paris, is said to have soared so high as to make an offer for the London *Times*. To his enquiries as to the price, he received by telegraph the following reply: "Sir, when you have come to anchor in the Thames with three ships laden heavily with gold, we shall be ready to talk with you." *Bravo Times!*

We lately saw an advertisement headed,—"*Wanted an Honest, Industrious Boy.*" Now, this want conveys to everybody a very impressive moral lesson. "An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character. He will be wanted! The merchant will want him for a salesman or clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; the church for pastor; parents for a teacher of their children, and the people for an officer. He will be wanted by townsmen as a friend, families as a visitor, the world as an acquaintance—nay, girls for a husband. An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys! Will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition. Afe you honest? You may be capable. Are you industrious? You may be well-dressed and create a favourable impression at first sight. Are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a good situation. Are you sure that your friends, teachers, and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? Oh, how could you feel your character not being thus established on hearing the words—"Can't employ you!" Nothing else will make up for a lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labour; then will your calling and election, for a place of profit and trust, be made sure.

GERRIT, THE EMINENT ABOLITIONIST.—A poor German, residing in the vicinity of Mr. Smith, had been arrested on the charge of murder. There was no direct evidence against him, but there was some circumstantial indications, both for and against—the preponderance being rather in his favour. The poor man was ignorant, and friendless, and could speak very little English; and unfortunately popular excitement had for some reason prejudged the case, and given its verdict against him. Mr. Smith, however, believed the man, to be innocent, and determined to sift the matter to the bottom. He volunteered his services gratuitously as an advocate, spent, as we are informed, nearly a thousand dollars in seeking evidence, made a defence six hours long at the trial—one of the most eloquent, powerful efforts of his whole life, and when his client had been acquitted by a unanimous jury, he added to all his other kindnesses the gift of a small farm and two hundred dollars in money. Thus we have every reason to believe, he has spared an innocent man from the gallows, and placed in his hands the means of a comfortable livelihood. We love to record such acts as this, as compared with perfidy and wrong with which the world is filled; they are oases in the desert—stars on the dark brow of night.

DIAMOND DUST.

What is divine is of necessity free.

The pleasure of sin is like a draft of sweet poison.

Truth before all things. I would not seem to be what I am not.

The only way to be thought to be anything is to be it.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time.

Seeming difficulties generally vanish before faith, prayer, and perseverance.

He who has outlived his friends, feels that his home is beyond the grave.

There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

Censure is a tax that a man pays to the public for being eminent.

The new ground of religion which the churches occupy, is always won for them by men whom the churches hated.

To worship from fear, is to worship might, rather than right.

The agitation of thought is the growth of truth; difference of opinion is half-way to universal knowledge.

It was a maxim, in the experience of the church, that a praying people will make a *preaching minister*.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves; and without that, the conqueror is naught but the first slave.

A good jest in time of misfortune is food and drink. It is strength to the arm, digestion to the stomach, and courage to the heart.

"Advice," says Coleridge, "is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind."

The commission of the church is not to proselyte the nations to any class of truth, or sectarian doctrines, but lead them unto all truth.

Beware how you address yourself in anger to any one. An angry word is like a letter put into the post—once dropped, it is impossible to recall it.

Many a devout believer is stigmatized as an infidel, merely because he will not bow down and worship the graven image which superstition has set up.

As a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so the spirit of Christ though called by another name is equally lovely, and the spirit of exclusion though called by another name is equally detestable.

Men who, to support a creed, would shake our trust in the calm, deliberate, and distinct decisions of our rational and moral powers, endanger religion more than its own foes, and forge the deadliest weapon for the infidel.

Calumny is like the wasp that teazes, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself unless you are certain to destroy it, otherwise, it returns to the charge more furiously than ever.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and even extend its consequences into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the only bright spot in it.

The man who surrenders his judgment to the dictation of others instead of appealing to the written word of Christ's instructions; and the church which fetters itself by articles drawn up in language which man's wisdom teaches, instead of walking in the wide liberty of the charter of God's truth, has laid another foundation than that which is laid, and is worthy of rebuke.

CHRIST THE IMAGE OF GOD.

"WHO IS THE IMAGE OF THE INVISIBLE GOD?"

He alone who fully comprehends the character of Christ, has attained a true conception of the Father. "If ye had known me," said our Saviour, "ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him and have seen him." Our blessed Lord stands before us claiming to be a faithful representative, a comprehensive embodiment, a clear and just view of the Divine Being. No one can doubt that it is important that we should have an intimate acquaintance with God; for this is the true basis of all correct reasoning with regard to his dealings and purposes with us. We cannot advance a single step towards a rational conclusion in relation to the design of our existence, or the end that finally awaits us, without this knowledge. All our expectations for future and coming good are based upon the wisdom, goodness and power of God, and if we err in supposing Him to be a being *infinite* in wisdom and power, it is plain that all our conclusions from these premises are fallacious. To instruct us upon a subject of so much importance, Christ was commissioned and sent forth by the Father, and he comes to us claiming to be the light of the world and able to show us the true God. In Jesus we see God moving and acting before us. Whatever he did was done like God. He acted as God would have acted. In every period and circumstance of his life we behold dignity blended with love and pity, and therefore well calculated to attract our confidence while it awakened our admiration. His power is our security, rather than our dread; and though it awes us with its grandeur, yet it soothes to rest by its tenderness. Well might the apostle say, that in him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

By comparing what he taught concerning the Supreme Being with his own character and life, as the image and representation of that Being, we find a complete agreement. He not only taught by precept, but he enforced his precepts by examples. We find him teaching that God is the Father of all men. Look at him, and you will find him evincing for all men perfect love.

His was the spirit of unwearied and invincible love. He ever acted as though he felt the strong yearnings of a brother heart for their welfare, and was willing to lay down his life for their sake. Here are truths that no one can gainsay or deny; and the inference to be drawn from these truths is that upon which we dwell with unspeakable satisfaction and delight—it is this: whatever were the feelings of Jesus towards our race, he manifested the attributes of the Eternal God. Would we know the disposition of our Father in heaven?—we have but to look at his Son, whom he commissioned and sent into the world as the *image of himself*. Behold the forgiveness and compassion of the Son—he extended mercy to all. He healed all that came to him. In trouble we may look to him and find rest, for he is the image of God, and *God is Love*. Look at his life from the cradle to the cross! surrounded by enemies on every side, who were continually seeking to catch him in his words, and who at last procured his crucifixion upon the accursed tree,—the utmost efforts of malice only wrung from his tender heart that melting prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." That was the severest test to which love could be subjected, Jesus withstood that test, and the evidences of pure and unalloyed love flowed freely forth. And henceforth we may know what is meant when the apostle says that "*God is Love*." For the light of the knowledge of that love, shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

MERCY.

BY GEORGIANA BENNET.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged,—condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned,—forgive and ye shall be forgiven."—Luke vi. 37.

"Who will have all men to be saved."—1 Tim. ii. 4.

When zealots—angry that a brother dare

Choose for himself the way to serve the Lord,—
Say, God will ne'er forgive, nor hear his prayer;
They act in opposition to His word.

He, who the Father's mercy came to prove,
Laid down no stated form, no bigot creed;
His law was Mercy, Truth, Forbearance, Love,
That longed to aid even a foe in need.

We see the act, but not the thoughts which sway,
Motives which prompt, temptations which mis-
lead,

And deem if others will not walk our way
They should be rooted out, like some vile weed.

"God cannot pardon,—Justice claims her due,"—
Such the harsh words which greet the wanderer's
ear;

"Heaven is for ever shut on such as you,
Your future lot is torture, misery, fear."

Oh, judge not thus:—God would have *all* men
come

Unto that rest and peace on earth ne'er won;
And "many mansions" in His heavenly home
Have been prepared for those who love His Son.
Condemn not—and our God will not condemn,—
Forgive—and thou in turn shall be forgiven!—
Knowing that endless wrath would fall on them,
Couldst thou be happy midst the joys of Heaven?

Or couldst thou utter praise for mercies past,
And worship Him as Father, God, and Friend—
Couldst joy that boundless bliss was round thee
cast,

While millions groaned in tortures *ne'er* to end?
Couldst thou behold their pangs and yet rejoice?
Will not true sympathy be felt in heaven?
Surely with bleeding heart and faltering voice,
Even thou wouldst pray, "Oh, be their sins
forgiven!"

And if from thy high place, when looking round
Thou shouldst see anguish, sorrow, and dismay,
Yet would *repentance* also there be found;
And the bright promise of a happier day.
The cry of penitence—the earnest prayer—
The strife against the evil thoughts within,—
The dawning hope, which conquering despair,
Would lead to hatred of each cherished sin.

"He would have *all* men saved." Believe it thus!
Cry not, "There's no repentance in the grave."
Whate'er the Future be, 'tis not for us
To limit thus JEHOVAH's power to save.

But you who still persist to live in sin,
Pause, and remember each sublime behest;
Repentance must be yours before you win
A place amidst the mansions of the Blessed!

Each sinful deed, unholy and unwise,
Adds to the pain your soul will sometime feel
When the world's veil drops from before your eyes,
And Truth shall all the Past at once reveal.
How shall you bear to stand before the Pure
And let your own impurity be seen?
How look upon the Good, and yet endure
To know the grief your sin to them has been?

We do not bid you from the world retire,
But nobly, wisely, there perform your part;
But oh! forget not Life hath duties higher,
Prurer affections for the human heart.
Take up your cross, and from the Saviour learn;
Follow his footsteps even to the grave;
And in another world you shall discern
OUR FATHER IS OMNIPOTENT TO SAVE!

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful and useful, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and shame the ladder to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

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